

Design in Malice (feat. Young Zee & Pacewon)

Jedi Mind Tricks

UhhhSing bitch

Young

ohIf I don't have the mag I get a bastard stabbed
With a knife because I claw for an Alaskan crab
Young, I'm down with Vinnie give me six weeks
All y'all little pipsqueaks is up shit's creek
Think we a joke? I'll put three in your throat
Drunk off gin and C&C coke then we flee in a boat
Then I come open up the spot with coconut Ciroc so the hoes'll suck some cock
Then I'll forget the call, after the nut I get attention deficit disorder
1-5 catch us off Xes and dust
Whole clique of registered sex offenders
Pop shit, we'll hold your funeral XCsNiggas money come in roman numerals
Your block slow now, she fuck with them rappers
Cause y'all niggas money took a muscle-relaxerI'mma the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'mma the mastermind with a faster rhymeIt's work, not how I pass the timeI'mma the
mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'mma the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
My music is strong enough to stop a bomb
I'm putting pressure on you kids like I'm a soccer mom
Who you think idea that it was to stop Saddam?
Who you think idea that was to drop the bomb?
You get your shit rocked ma like Mustafa song
You blowing smoke you motherfucker, you should cop a bong
The nine Taurus jam a little bit, the Glock is strong
I move brutal and use voodoo like Papa Shango
Over a billion Muslims, you could never stop Islam
Over a billion bullets shooting from the chopper's armThe backstage filled with liquor and a lot
of traum'Cause it's been hard on Vinnie since my father gone
I'm about to blow the fucking horns like it was Rosh Hashanah
This is the calm before the storm, Armageddon dawn
Carry a motherfucker head that I shred in NamI speak literally, figuratively, the prophet
goneI'mma the mastermind with a faster rhymeIt's work, not how I pass the timeI'mma the
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I'mma the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the timeYou don't have to search and question

I have the purse and the murder weapon
Never get a second chance to make a first impression
I'm no virgin, a murderer and I'm an urban legend
Rather be of real service than to serve in Heaven
I don't like cops, I don't like co-operators
I don't like traitors or story corroborators
In any problem I'm the common denominator
My behaviour is the product of intoxicators
I'm just blood addicted, it's the other liquid
I'm above the limit off of the blood of the wicked
Don't even ask, there's somebody in the body bags
The blood matches that's on the hatchets and hockey mask
I'm never traumatized, I don't have to compromise
I don't have economize the homicides
You tell reasons to take the will my faith is nil
I believe that even Jesus has a way to kill
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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